

by helloyesimhere

Then, during his late twenties to early thirties, things start out a lime green mixed with yellow, but slowly fade into a gray, punctuated by small, short bursts of a faded yellow. Tony remembers how excited he was during the start of that time, but things slowly became more

and more meaningless.

The gray becomes darker. Tony doesn't think much about this time.

Black envelops a small, but important part of his memory. Towards the end of the black there's a hint of blue, but not much. There's also another red spot.

Things slowly begin to lighten. The black becomes a dark maroon, with rusty gold along the edges. A dull ginger threads it's way through the memories, becoming darker and lighter erratically. Suddenly, things darken back to almost black again, but just as suddenly become the brightest they have in a long while. The maroon becomes a vibrant, lovely red. and the gold becomes burnished and bright.

There are a couple spots where the red fades back to maroon, but they are short and soon end.

Then, bits of other colors creep in. There's blue, but instead of being the welcoming blue of Jarvis, it's an icy blue, one that reminds him of the dark blue from his childhood. There's a red, but it's closer to the red streaks that haunt him than he would care to admit. There's a showy, gaudy gold that seems to demand attention and presence. The polar opposite of the gold, a green that's the color of grass and life seems to try and make itself as small as possible. Tony tries to coax it out of hiding. There's a dull silver that's flecked with red specks. Later, a dark purple makes an appearance.

(There's also a bright, burning silver that Tony's seen before, even if it was only briefly. It disappears suddenly and does not return.)

The colors become harsher and less welcoming, and then everything suddenly just-

Stops. Fades and turns to white. White is consuming him, and then-

The first thing he remembers is the welcoming green, that has become a giant.

After the battle, Tony sits and examines the colors. The blue has become less icy, not completely thawed, not yet, but it is well on its way to being almost the same shade of royal that Jarvis was. The red has become less like blood and more of a warm, welcoming, autumn color. The green has become bigger. The gold has become quieter and warmer, less obnoxious and demanding. The purple has become brighter and not as reminiscent of the grays in Tony's life.

Yes, Tony reflects, colors tell the story of his life better than words could.

â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢â€¢

****Reviews are appreciated.****

End
file.